NUMB. CCCCXXXVI.

The SPECTATOR.

------Verſo pollice vulgi
Quemlibet occidunt Populariter. Juv.

Monday, July 21. 1712.

BEING a Perſon of inſatiable Curioſity, I could not forbear going on *Wedneſday* laſt to a Place of no ſmall Renown for the Gallantry of the lower Order of *Britons*, namely, to the Bear-Garden at *Hockley in the Hole*; where (as a whitiſh brown Paper, put into my Hands in the Street, inform'd me) there was to be a Tryal of Skill to be exhibited between two Maſters of the Noble Science of Defence, at two of the Clock preciſely. I was not a little charm'd with the Solemnity of the Challenge, which ran thus:

I James Miller, *Serjeant*, (*lately come from the Frontiers of* Portugal) *Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence, hearing in moſt Places where I have been of the great Fame of* Timothy Buck *of* London, *Maſter of the ſaid Science, do invite him to meet me, and exerciſe as the ſeveral Weapons following*, viz.

Back-Sword,	*Single Falchon*,
Sword and Dagger,	*Caſe of Falchons*,
Sword and Buckler,	*Quarter-Staff.*

If the generous Ardour in *James Miller* to diſpute the Reputation of *Timothy Buck*, had ſomething reſembling the old Heroes of Romance, *Timothy Buck* return'd Anſwer in the ſame Paper with the like Spirit, adding a little Indignation at being challenged, and ſeeming to condeſcend to fight *James Miller*, not in regard to *Miller* himſelf, but in that, as the Fame went out, he had fought *Parks* of *Coventry*. The Acceptance of the Combat ran in theſe Words:

I Timothy Buck *of* Clare-Market, *Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence, hearing he did fight Mr.* Parkes *of* Coventry, *will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair Inviter at the Time and Place appointed, deſiring a clear Stage and no Favour.*

Vivat Regina.

I ſhall not here look back on the Spectacles of the *Greeks* and *Romans* of this Kind, but muſt believe this Cuſtom took its Riſe from the Ages of Knight-Errantry; from thoſe who lov'd one Woman ſo well, that they hated all Men and Women elſe; from thoſe who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their Mind; from thoſe who demanded the Combat of their Contemporaries, both for admiring their Miſtreſs or diſcommending her. I cannot therefore but lament, that the terrible Part of the ancient Fight is preſerv'd, when the amorous Side of it is forgotten. We have retain'd the Barbarity, but loſt the Gallantry of the old Combatants. I could wiſh, methinks, theſe Gentlemen had conſulted me in the Promulgation of the Conflict. I was obliged by a fair young Maid, whom I underſtood to be called *Elizabeth Preſton*, Daughter of the Keeper of the Garden, with a Glaſs of Water; whom I imagined might have been, for Form's ſake, the general Repreſentative of the Lady fought for, and from her Beauty the proper *Armarillis* on theſe Occaſions. It wou'd have ran better in the Challenge; *I* James Miller, *Serjeant, who have travell'd Parts abroad, and came laſt from the Frontiers of* Portugal, *for the Love of* Elizabeth Preſton, *do aſſert, That the ſaid* Elizabeth is the Faireſt of Women. Then the Anſwer; *I* Timothy Buck, *who have ſtay'd in* Great Britain *during all the War in Foreign Parts, for the Sake of* Suſanna Page, *do deny that* Elizabeth Preſton *is ſo fair as the ſaid* Suſanna Page. Let *Suſanna Page* look on, and I deſire of *James Miller* no Favour.

This would give the Battle quite another Turn; and a proper Station for the Ladies, whoſe Complexion was diſputed by the Sword, would animate the Diſputants with a more gallant Incentive than the Expectation of Money from the Spectators; tho' I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that Fair One, whoſe Lover was approved by the Donor.

Yet, conſidering the Thing wants ſuch Amendments, it was carry'd with great Order. *James Miller* came on firſt, preceded by two diſabled Drummers, to ſhew, I ſuppoſe, that the Proſpect of maimed Bodies did not in the leaſt deter him. There aſcended with the daring *Miller* a Gentleman, whoſe Name I could not learn, with a dogged Air, as unſatisfy'd that he was not Principal. This Son of Anger lowr'd at the whole Aſſembly, and weighing himſelf as he march'd around from Side to Side, with a ſtiff Knee and Shoulder, he gave Intimations of the Purpoſe he ſmother'd till he ſaw the Iſſue of this Encounter. *Miller* had a blue Ribband ty'd round the Sword Arm; which Ornament I conceive to be the Remain of that Cuſtom of wearing a Miſtreſs's Favour on ſuch Occaſions of old.

Miller is a Man of ſix Foot eight Inches Height, of a kind but bold Aſpect, well-faſhion'd, and ready of his Limbs; and ſuch a Readineſs as ſpoke his Eaſe in them, was obtain'd from a Habit of Motion in Military Exerciſe.

The Expectation of the Spectators was now almoſt at its Height, and the Crowd preſſing in, ſeveral active Perſons thought they were placed rather according to their Fortune than their Merit, and took it in their Heads to prefer themſelves from the open Area, or Pitt, to the Galleries. This Diſpute between Deſert and Property brought many to the Ground, and raiſed others in proportion to the higheſt Seats by Turns for the Space of ten Minutes, till *Timothy Buck* came on, and the whole

Aſſembly

Assembly giving up their Disputes, turn'd their Eyes upon the Champions. Then it was that every Man's Affection turn'd to one or the other irresistibly. A judicious Gentleman near me said, *I could, methinks, be* Miller's *Second, but I had rather have* Buck *for mine.* *Miller* had an audacious Look, that took the Eye; *Buck* a perfect Composure, that engaged the Judgment. *Buck* came on in a plain Coat, and kept all his Air till the Instant of Engaging; at which Time he undress'd to his Shirt, his Arm adorn'd with a Bandage of red Ribband. No one can describe the sudden Concern in the whole Assembly; the most tumultuous Crowd in Nature was as still and as much engaged, as if all their Lives depended on the first Blow. The Combatants met in the Middle of the Stage, and shaking Hands as removing all Malice, they retired with much Grace to the Extremities of it; from whence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, *Miller* with an Heart full of Resolution, *Buck* with a watchful untroubled Countenance; *Buck* regarding principally his own Defence, *Miller* chiefly thoughtful of annoying his Opponent. It is not easy to describe the many Escapes and imperceptible Defences between two Men of quick Eyes and ready Limbs; but *Miller*'s Heat laid him open to the Rebuke of the calm *Buck*, by a large Cut on the Forehead. Much Effusion of Blood covered his Eyes in a Moment, and the Huzzas of the Crowd undoubtedly quickened the Anguish. The Assembly was divided into Parties upon their different ways of Fighting; while a poor Nymph in one of the Galleries apparently suffered for *Miller*, and burst into a Flood of Tears. As soon as his Wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little Rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave Man can be wounded into more Patience and Caution? The next was a warm eager Onset, which ended in a decisive Stroke on the left Leg of *Miller*. The Lady in the Gallery, during this second Strife, covered her Face; and for my Part, I could not keep my Thoughts from being mostly employed on the Consideration of her unhappy Circumstance that Moment, hearing the Clash of Swords, and apprehending Life or Victory concerned her Lover in every Blow, but not daring to satisfy her self on whom they fell. The Wound was exposed to the View of all who could delight in it, and sowed up on the Stage. The surly Second of *Miller* declared at this Time, that he would that Day Fortnight fight Mr. *Buck* at the same Weapons, declaring himself the Master of the renowned *Gorman*; but *Buck* denied him the Honour of that couragious Disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that Champion, accepted the Challenge.

There is something in Nature very unaccountable on such Occasions, when we see the People take a certain painful Gratification in beholding these Encounters. Is it Cruelty that administers this Sort of Delight? or is it a Pleasure which is taken in the Exercise of Pity? It was methought pretty remarkable, that the Business of the Day being a Trial of Skill, the Popularity did not run so high as one would have expected on the Side of *Buck*. Is it that People's Passions have their Rise in Self-love, and thought themselves (in Spite of all the Courage they had) liable to the Fate of *Miller*, but could not so easily think of themselves qualified like *Buck*?

Tully speaks of this Custom with less Horror than one would expect, tho' he confesses it was much abused in his Time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first Regulations, when Criminals only fought before the People. *Crudele Gladiatorum spectaculum & inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; & haud scio annon ita sit ut nunc fit; cum vero fontes ferro depugnabant, auribus fortasse multis, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse fortior contra dolorem & mortem disciplina.* *The Shows of Gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhumane, and I know not but it is so as it is now practised; but in those Times when only Criminals were Combatants, the Ear perhaps might receive many better Instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our Eyes, should fortify us so well against Pain and Death.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

AT the famous Water-Theatre of the late Ingenious Mr. Winstanly, will continue to be shewn a Formigar during this Season every Evening between 5 and 6 of the Clock. There is the greatest Curiosities in Water-works, the like was never performed before; with several new things added this Day. There is Fire mingling with the Water, which plays in various Shapes and several Sorts of Liquor both hot and very good, which are given to the Spectators. Boxes 2 s. 6 d. Pit 2 s. first Gallery 1 s. 6 d. upper Gallery 6 d. The House is at the lower End of Piccadilly going to Hide-Park, and known by a Wind-mill on the Top of it.

A Gentlewoman having lost the 17th Instant in St. James's Park, a Sh gareen Pocket-Book, bound with Silver with Papers in it of no Use to any but the Owner; Whoever shall bring it to Mr. Robert Kemey's, at Mr. Barber's in Prince's-Court by Story's, Westminster, shall have a Crown Reward.

On Saturday last was published,

A Plan of the Town, Fortifications, and Harbour of Dunkirk, with an historical Description thereof. Price 4 d. Sold by J. Baker in Pater Noster-Row: Where may be had, The History of Prince Mirabel, in 3 Parts, The present State of the Parties in Great Britain, Price 4 s. All at Stake, Hanover or Perth pr. 3 d. A new Project, &c. pr. 4 d. The General Cashier'd, A Play Price 1 s. 6 d. They are all Sold by E. Berrington, near Essex-street End.

The latent dangerous Progress and fatal Events of Internal Pains; gradually producing Inflammations, Tumors, Apostems, Ulcers, Cancers, Gangrens, and Mortifications. Wherein discovering the obscure Causes, transient Course, and most frequent Termination, of mortal acute Sickness, and of many killing chronic Diseases, rately discerned or thought on. With a Tract of Fontanels or Issues, and Setons. By Everard Maynwaringe, Med. Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster, and may be had from the Author, at the Moor's Head (to distinguish the Book) in Baldwin's Garden by Gray's Inn.

This Day is published,

Memoirs and Observations of the Occurrences of Europe since the Treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick, with Relation to the present Treaty at Utrecht; shewing, That it is of the last Importance, that England have a Footing upon the Continent. Sold by J. Morphew near Stationer's-Hall. Price 6 d.

A most incomparable Paste for the Hands, far exceeding any thing ever yet in Print: It makes them delicately white, slick and plump, takes off Redness, Roughness, Scurf, Sun-burn, fortifies them against the scorching Heat of Fire and Sun or sharp Cold, and prevents Chops. In a Word, a Hand cannot be so spoil'd but this Paste will, to a Miracle, recover them. Sold only at Mr. Allcraft's, Toyshop, at the Bluecoat-Boy near the Royal Exchange, and at Mr. Lay Singwika at the Black Lyon, a Toyshop, over against the Mews-Wall near Charing-Cross, at 1 s. 6 d. the Pot with Directions.

Consumptions of all sorts radically Cured, by a famous Elixir peculiarly invented for that Disease; its wonderful Effects sufficiently explodes the Erronious Opinion, that Consumptions are incurable, since it absolutely retrieves the Patient, though reduc'd to meer Skeleton; quickly takes off all the Symptoms, as Cough, Hoarseness, Wheezing, shortness of Breath, Pain or Weight in the Breast, Spitting of Blood, soreness of the Stomach, Throat or Wind-pipe; also Catarrhs or Defluxions of sharp Rhume, and all Phthisical and Asthmatick Affects, Hectick Feaver, &c. perfectly cures all internal Ulcers, restores all inward Wastings, Weakness and decay of Nature, being Balsamic and Strengthning beyond Comparison; it allready eradicates the first Principle, or cause of Consumptions, rectifying the Disorders of Stomach and first Passages, creating an Appetite, procuring a good Digestion, reducing the vicious Ferment of the Blood and Juices, correcting the Acrid Salts that erode the Lungs, certainly healing Ulcers therein, and infallibly curing all sorts of Consumptions, tho' never so bad, in a very short time to a Miracle. Price 3 s. 6 d. a Bottle with Directions. Sold only at Mr. Osborn's Toyshop at the Rose and Crown under St. Dunstan's Church in Fleetstreet.

LONDON: Printed for *Sam. Buckley*, at the *Dolphin* in *Little-Britain*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertisements are taken in; as also by *Charles Lillie*, Perfumer, at the Corner of *Beauford-Buildings* in the *Strand*.

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